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LOngacre 3-1225

FADE IN

(STATION.)

(THE TRAIN IS WAITING.)

(STACY IS AT THE TICKET BOOTH SELLING A PASSENGER A
TICKET.)

(V.O.)

Boooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!

...All Aboard

STACY

Here's your ticket. You better
hurry.

(ENTER SCHEMER.)

(PASSENGER GRABS TICKET AND RUSHES OUT.)

SCHEMER

Hey, what's the rush? You have
time. Come on over and put your
money in my machines.

(SFX OF TRAIN STARTING UP.)

SCHEMER

(YELLING OVER TRAIN NOISE)

Don't run away from a good time.

...aaawww, phoo^ey.

(HE GOES TO HIS MACHINES.)

(MATT AND TANYA ENTER STATION.)

MATT

Aunt Stacy... Somebody forgot
their bags.

TANYA

They just left them on the
platform.

STACY

Well, bring them in here and we'll
put them with the others in the
Lost and Found.

(THE KIDS DISAPPEAR AND IN A MOMENT, REAPPEAR--EACH
DRAGGING IN A BIG HEAVY SUITCASE.)

STACY

Do you need any help there?

MATT

No, I can do it...

(DRAGGING, STRUGGLING, PUSHING...)

STACY

How about you?

(TANYA-WHO IS HAVING A MUCH EASIER TIME:)

TANYA

Sure.

(THE TWO OF THEM CARRY THE SECOND CASE OVER. STACY
NOTICES TANYA'S NEW NECKLACE.)

STACY

Is that new? ^{a necklace}

TANYA

Grandpa gave it to me. I love it. }

move about it

STACY

It's very pretty.

TANYA

Thank you, Stacy. What'll happen

to these suitcases?

STACY

Well, we tag them and keep them
here until someone claims them.

MATT

Do people always come and claim
them?

STACY

Usually...but not always.

(STACY MARKS AND WRAPS TAGS AROUND THE HANDLES OF EACH
AND EXITS. THE KIDS KEEP LOOKING AT THE BAGS.)

MATT

What do you think is in these bags?

TANYA

Maybe there's treasure...

MATT

Or toys...

(VO)

(MUFFLED VOICE)

Let me outta here...

(THEIR POV: A LIGHT COLORED SUITCASE AND SOMETHING ON
THE INSIDE IS POUNDING ON THE SIDE TO GET OUT.)
(THE KIDS KNEEL ON EITHER SIDE. THE POUNDING
CONTINUES.)

(VO)

Open up it's stuffy in here...

TANYA

It's locked!

(VO)

suffocating - huge

(COMING FROM BEHIND THEM)

Not that one. I'm in this one
over here...

(THEY TURN. THE SIDE OF ANOTHER BAG IS BULGING OUT
WITH BLOWS. THE KIDS GO TO THAT BAG. THEY OPEN IT
BUT, IT'S EMPTY.)

(VO)

No, no. Not in that one, in this
one.

(THEY GO FROM BAG TO BAG PLACING THEIR EAR(S) NEXT TO
EACH SAYING: ARE YOU IN THIS ONE? AND HEARING: NO,
I'M IN THIS ONE.)

(FINALLY, A CARPETBAG POPS OPEN AND THERE IN A CLOUD
OF DUST IS MR. CONDUCTOR, COUGHING AND FANNING THE
AIR.)

MR. C.

Ack, ack, cough, cough.

(HE IS COVERED WITH DUST.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

Carpet sweepings! Cough, cough.
Who in their right mind would
carry around a bag of carpet
sweepings?

TANYA

There's a name here...

(INDICATING A TAG.)

C.U. TAG: LOUELLA BURN-DOYING.

MR. C. (VO)

Louella Burn-Doying.

(MR. C. SCRATCHING HIS DIRTY HEAD.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

I've never heard of her. Why
would Louella Burn-Doying want to
carry around carpet sweepings?

TANYA

Maybe she didn't. Maybe that's
why she left them in the lost and
found.

MR. C.

...a very good point, Matthew.
But one that doesn't do me a big
of good, does it? Look at me, I'm
filthy. Why I'm worse than Thomas
and Percy combined...

MATT

What happened to Thomas and Percy?

MR. C.

Didn't I ever tell you that?

BOTH

No.

MR. C.

Well...

EPISODE #27

(DISSOLVE BACK.)

MR. C.

Well, if I'm ever going to look
splendid again, I must wash.
(HE HEADS OFF TOWARDS THE MURAL.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

...I will begin with my hands,
then my neck followed by my shirt
and sox...wait, I've forgotten my
face...I shall begin with my face,
then my shirt, then my neck...

(FADES OUT DEBATING WITH HIMSELF.)

(THE KIDS WATCH HIM, THEN TURN TO EACH OTHER.)

TANYA

We better stack these back.

(REFERRING TO THE BAGGAGE THEY DISPLACED LOOKING FOR
MR. C.)

(IN REPLACING THE BAGGAGE, A SMALL BLACK CASE TOPPLES
DOWN FROM THE TOP.)

(IT HITS THE FLOOR AND COMES OPEN.)

(IN IT IS A SHINY, BRASSY SAXOPHONE.)

(THE KIDS GAWK AT IT AND AT EACH OTHER. WOW.)

(TANYA TAKES IT OUT OF THE CASE AND THEY EXAMINE IT.)

TANYA

All those valves!

(SHE FINGERS IT AND TRIES A TOOT
AND BLOWS OUT SOME LIMP WET AIR.)

MATT

Let me try.

(HE GETS ALL READY AND GIVES A
HARD BLOW AND THE SAME HAPPENS.)

TANYA

My turn.

(THIS TIME THERE IS THE HINT OF A NOTE.)

MATT

Me next.

TANYA

Hum.

(HE TRIES IT AND MANAGES A NOTE, SORT OF. THEY
EXCHANGE THE BRIGHTEST SMILE.)

CUT TO

INT. JUKEBOX

#1

What was that?

#2

...sounded like a train in some
kind of big trouble.

#3

no...that's the sound rats make
when they eat bad cheese.

(TANYA'S NOTE PLAYS AGAIN.)

(THEN, MATT'S NOTE.)

#1

No, no, that's a new sound.
They're onto something out there.
...Pick this
up...one...two...three...

(BAND STARTS TO PLAY A SHORT RIFF THAT BUILDS TO A BIG
PAUSE.)

CUT TO

(TANYA WITH THE SAX BY THE JUKEBOX AND SHE HITS HER
NOTE.)

(MATT TAKES THE SAX. THE RIFF BUILDS AGAIN AND HE HITS HIS NOTE. IT IS NOTED THAT THESE TWO NOTES ARE STILL AS WEAK AND LIMP BUT WITH THE BAND'S BACKING, IT PLAYS AS GOOFY FUN. A SECOND VERSE ALLOWS EACH TO DO THEIR NOTE TWICE. MATT AND TANYA ARE DELIGHTED WITH THE SONG. SCHEMER APPEARS.)

SCHEMER

That was really terrible. Where
did you kids learn to play the
saxophone, underwater? Haha. Let
me see that...

(HE TAKES THE SAX FROM THEM.)

(HE LOOKS IT OVER.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

I used to have a saxophone just
like this... yes, just like it.

MATT

That isn't yours.

(MR. C. APPEARS ATOP THE JUKEBOX BEHIND SCHEMER.)

SCHEMER

Don't be too sure. It looked
exactly like this... I used to be
pretty good.

(HE STARTS FINGERING IT AND TAKING
THE POSITION.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

...I've been thinking of taking it
up again...Yeah, it's all coming
back to me.

(HE GETS READY TO BLOW. MR. C.

SWEEPS THE AIR WITH HIS ARMS.
SCHEMER BLOWS AND THE WORST MESS
BL^uRTS OUT. HE STARTS AGAIN AND
THE SAME THING HAPPENS. HE
BECOMES DISGUSTED.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

Here...you take it. It's broken.
Daniel
Stupid thing won't play.

(HE HANDS IT BACK AND EXITS. THE KIDS ARE HAPPY
AGAIN. THEY SEE MR. C. AND SUDDENLY KNOW HE DESERVES
THANKS.)

TANYA

Thanks.

MR. C.

You're welcome. Do you want to do
me a favor?

BOTH

Sure.

MR. C.

The water's off in the
switchhouse. Would you fetch me a
bucket?

(HE GIVES HIS SLEEVES A BRUSHING
DUST PUFFS OUT. HE HEADS BACK
TO THE MURAL.)

(THEY PUT THE SAX IN ITS CASE AND HIDE IT BEHIND THE
JUKEBOX. THEY HEAD FOR THE OUTSIDE FAUCET, LIKE JACK
AND JILL.)

(COULD HAVE SCHEMER INTRO A SHORT CLIP HERE OR PROCEED
DIRECTLY...)

(JUST AS THEY EXIT, IN COMES HARRY AND A BOY.)

(HARRY POINTS.)

HARRY

The lost and found is right
here, son. If we have it, that's
where it'll be.

(THE BOY TO STACY AT THE L&F.)
(HARRY TO HIS WORKSHIP.)
(THE KIDS RETURN WITH A FILLED BUCKET.)
(THEY PAUSE.)
(THEIR POV: THE BOY IS STANDING WATCHING STACY GO
THROUGH THE LUGGAGE LOOK FOR LOST LUGGAGE.
"NO...NOPE...NOT THIS ONE...")
(MATT AND TANYA EXCHANGE A CONCERNED LOOK.)
(STACY SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISAPPOINTMENT.)

STACY

No, I'm sorry, your
black case just isn't here.

(STACY PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER
AND WALKS HIM TO THE PLATFORM.)

STACY (CONT'D)

I'll keep an eye out for it and if
it turns up, I'll let you know.

(THE BOY EXITS.)

STACY (CONT'D)

...that's a shame.

(THE KIDS ENTER FRAME.)

STACY (CONT'D)

...It's so sad to lose something
you treasure.

MATT

If his name is Louella
Burn-Doying I know where his bag
is...

(STACY SMILES. SHE'S SEEN THAT TAG AS WELL.)

STACY

No... He's not Louella
Burn-Doying. He lost a small
black case and inside was a brand
new saxophone. ...Well, maybe
it'll turn up.

(SHE EXITS.)

(THE KIDS EXCHANGE A GUILTY LOOK.)

MR. C. (VO)

Come along you two.

(THEY SNAP OUT OF IT AND LOOK TO THE MURAL.)
(MR. C. AT THE RAIL.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

...That water is not doing me any
good over there.

(THEY CARRY IT OVER.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

...put it right down there...

(THEY PLACE IT DIRECTLY BENEATH THE SWITCHHOUSE.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

...just a little to the left.

(MR. C. CLIMBS UP ON THE RAIL AND JUMPS HOLDING A
SCRUBBRUSH.)
(SIDEVIEW OF HIM LEAPING INTO THE BUCKET.)
(BIG SPLASH.)
(KIDS SQUAT DOWN ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BUCKET.)

(MR. C. POPS UP. PUTS HIS ELBOWS OVER THE SIDE.)

MR. C.

That feels better. A good jump
in the bucket can do the world of
good. Good enough to tell you
both another story.

MATT

About Thomas?

MR. C.

No. About tar.

INTO EPISODE #23

(BACK TO THEM.)

MR. C. (CONT'D)

...now if you will excuse me, I
will resume my bath...Hey, what
happened to your new necklace?

(TANYA LOOKS DOWN AND SEES IT IS MISSING.)

TANYA

Oh no!

(SHE LOOKS ALL AROUND. SHE IS IN
A PANIC.)

TANYA (CONT'D)

I have to find it.

MR. C.

Well, I'll look down here for it.

(HE GOES DOWN UNDER.)

(TANYA STARTS LOOKING ALL OVER THE STATION. MATT
HELPS.)

TANYA

Oh where is it, where is it?

Grandpa will be furious!

(SHE IS BY THE WORKSHOP DOOR. IT SUDDENLY OPENS.)

no that's external motivation

HARRY

Why will 'grandpa be furious'?

(TANYA IS STARTLED.)

TANYA

Oh!...

HARRY

Out with it, girl. Why should I
be furious?

not angry just

TANYA

...I can't find the necklace you
^{gave to}
bought me. I must have lost it.

family heirloom

HARRY

Lost it!... That's not going to
get me angry. That's an
accident. You didn't lose it on
purpose, did you?

*not ~~angry~~ disappointed
just determined -
to find it*

TANYA

No, sir.

HARRY

Very well...let's stop talking
and start looking.

(HE EXITS THE PLATFORM.)

(TANYA LOOKS HERE AND THERE BUT NOTHING...)

(SHE PLOPS DOWN ON THE WAITING BENCH.)

TANYA

I can't find it anywhere...

(STACY SITS DOWN NEXT TO HER.)

STACY

I know how much you liked it.

TANYA

It's gone.

STACY

Don't say that. Maybe some good
person will find it and bring it
to the lost and found.

(TANYA DROPS HER HEAD ON STACY'S SHOULDER FOR COMFORT
IN HER HOPELESSNESS.)
(MATT COMES OVER.)

MATT

I looked everywhere.

(TANYA OFFERS A WEAK SMILE OF THANKS.)
(JUST THEN, HARRY RE-ENTERS AND WITH HIM IS THE YOUNG
FELLOW FROM BEFORE.)

HARRY

Look who I found!

(TANYA AND MATT EXCHANGE A GUILTY LOOK.)

HARRY

And will you look what he found!

(THE BOY HOLDS UP TANYA'S MISSING NECKLACE.)
(TANYA JUMPS UP AND RUNS TO HIS SIDE.)

TANYA

Oh thank you thank you thank you!

HARRY

He found it out on the platform

how did it get there?

and he was bringing it into the

Lost and Found.

(TANYA AND MATT EXCHANGE ANOTHER LOOK.)

(THEY BOTH RUN TO THE JUKEBOX AND BRING BACK THE SAX
CASE.)

MATT

(INNOCENTLY)

Is this yours?

TANYA

We found it...

MATT

Over there...

TANYA

Over there...

(THEY BOTH POINT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.)

(HARRY AND STACY EXCHANGE A KNOWING LOOK.)

(THE BOY TAKES OUT THE SAX.)

STACY

Can you really play the saxophone?

BOY

Some...

HARRY

Would you play something for us?

Something happy. Because we all

found what we lost.

(THE BOY GOES INTO A NUMBER.)

INT JUKEBOX

#1

Now what's that?

#2

I think that's someone who really
knows how to play the sax.

#3

Quiet. We can all learn
something from this boy.

(BACK TO BOY PLAYING.)

(CREDIT ROLL.)

(OUT.)